The Missile

PETERSBURG HIGH SCHOOL

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....Table of Contents....

		Page
Staff		3
Two Poems	John Grigg	
Close of Day		5
On The Limited		5
One Chance In a Hundred	Annie W. Holden	6
A Meteor	Mary A. Burgess	8
Two Houses	Lucile Tench	9
Refuge	Milton Hull	
A Cloud		10
Wood Magic		10
The Efficient Reeves	John Grigg	11
Night	Florence Epps	18
A Masculine Memory	Jack Hopkins	19
A Little Farm	Willis Comstock	20
Evidence	John I. Williamson	21
Fort Walker	Eugenia Jolly	26
Books	Ester Lavenstein	27
Sea Shell	Jack Hopkins	28
Queer Old Cap'n Sam'l	Robert James	29
Medley	Lucile Tench	
Race		33
Understanding		34
The Answer		34
The Art of Fishing	Milton Hull	35
A Ballad of 1918	Jordan Wyatt	36
The Great Donkey Race	W. P. Kevan, Jr.	38
A Cloud	Will Rogers	40
The Gift of Seven Railroads	H. Spencer Chappell	41
The Pear Tree Blooms in the Fall	Jordan Wyatt	42
The Speaking Idol	Edward Mangum	43
What To Do About It	Harold Simmons	45
Trees	Leonora Anderson	46
Hidden Treasure	Virginia Williamson	48
The Editor's Study—		
Good Manners	M. A. B.	49
A Suggestion	F. E. E.	50
School Curricula	M. G. W.	51
Music and Drawing Departments	J. H. H.	52
Advertisements		53

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The "Missile"

LITERARY STAFF:

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—o—

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PHS
J. GRIGG

The Missile
P.H.S.

J. GRIGG

Two Poems

By John Grigg

Close Of Day

Life can never sweeter be
Than when at close of day I see
  The beauty of the sunset's hue.
Marvel how such tones can be,
Such forceful, quiet harmony—
  Give thanks to Him who made it true.

Romance could never grander be
Than in the beauty of the sea
  With sails aglide her flowing crest.
So God could never nearer be
Than when the twilight calls to me
  And nature bares her loving breast.

On The Limited

How I revel in the rhythm of a train as it sings
On its course over hills that resound to its wings
As they cry to the clouds in the sky up above
Of a song they must sing—of a race they must love—
And the whining of the wheels as they cling to the rail
As they flash through the fields on the shimmering trail
Like a smooth running steed on a fresh muddy morn
When his hoofs grip the track at the break of the dawn
With the liquid light of the slow-rising sun
As a testimony of a victory won.

Page five . . . . .

"One Chance In a Hundred"

By Annie W. Holden

IT WAS mid-winter, the wind whistled disconsolately through the bare trees, and the sky was gray. In the great hospital the nurses went on tiptoe down the long, white corridors, and held whispered conferences outside doors.

The man in the great doctor's office saw none of this. His mind had gone back to a hot summer day six months ago. Even now he could hear the shrieks of the people, as the great bull-elephant had crashed through the big tent. He could see Jackie, his small son, being tenderly lifted and carried to the hospital, where he had stayed for six months—what was the doctor saying?

"There's only one chance in a hundred, Mr. Brown."

"Take it, d'you hear, take it!" Jerry shouted. "Jackie's all I have in the world." He bowed his head in his hands and said, "and, please God, I won't lose him."

"Brace up, get a grip on yourself, now! What do you say in the circus? Oh, yes. 'Be a good trouper'."

"I know; forgive me, doctor. Is there any hope without an operation?"

"He'll last, maybe, a year or two, but we'd have to operate, at last—pain," the doctor answered briefly.

"All right, doctor. You say you'll be ready in a half hour?"

Jerry walked through the corridor—they seemed to be leading him on and on; he couldn't hear his own footsteps. He didn't hear the nurses' exclamations as he passed, "Look, he's the most famous clown in the world!"

Jerry didn't see much to be funny about in the children's ward. There were rows of small, white beds with pathetic, thin little faces, and eyes that were dark with suffering. He thought that he had never seen such white, white walls, and dreary was the view from the windows. The whole world looked dead.

"Daddy, it's snowing!" Jackie exclaimed as he entered.

"That's fine. How are you feeling, son?" Jerry asked huskily.

"All right, daddy, 'cept my legs feel so funny and heavy."

Jerry went over and sat in the chair by Jackie's bed.

. . . . . Page six

"Would you like to get well, Jackie?" he asked.

"Really well, so I can get out of bed and come back and see you in the circus? I'll say I would!"

The muscles in Jerry's face suddenly tightened. "Yes, son, really well! In a little while the doctor is going to take you into another room, to try to make you well. Can you 'be a good trouper' and let them put you to sleep?" He managed to keep his voice steady.

" 'Course, daddy. I'll be good."

"Now," Jerry said, "I'm going to tell you children a story. Jackie, tell them who I am. What'll I tell about?"

"They know who you are, daddy. I've told them all about you," Jackie answered, his eyes shining. "Tell us about snow and monkeys."

Jerry looked from one bed to another. All the patient, little eyes were watching him and shining in anticipation. So Jerry told about snow and monkeys while his heart was breaking. When the doctor came for Jackie, Jerry started to go with him —he looked so small in the doctor's arms.

"I'll take him in," Jerry said. "Well, son, do you want me to stay in here with you?"

"No, daddy, you go back an' finish the story. The show must go on," Jackie said bravely. "Good-bye, daddy."

"Good-bye, son. 'Be a good trouper'."

Jerry walked slowly back to the children's ward. He wondered how the nurses could be so calm and undisturbed, when something very precious was going from him, perhaps never to return. He sat down in the chair by Jackie's bed, and stared at the walls through a mist of tears. They were white and forbidding; the beds were white; the chairs and tables were white, too. The heavy smell of disinfectants was overpowering—Jerry imagined he could smell the ether they were giving Jackie.

"Aren't you going to finish the story?" a little girl demanded fretfully.

"Oh, of course, where was I?"

* * * * * *

They brought Jackie back an hour and a half later, and put him in another white bed in another room. The doctor sent for Jerry.

"He's still unconscious; if he comes from under the ether,

he has a good chance to get well. As far as medical science can tell, the operation has been successful," he told him.

Jerry bent over his son. How pale and white he was. His face was almost as white as the pillow, and his lips were blue. His hair and lashes were almost black, as his mother's had been. He couldn't lose him; he just couldn't!

"Oh son, won't you come back to me? Just look at me once. I need you so, Jackie," Jerry's heart cried out, but his lips were pressed tightly together.

Jackie's eyelids quivered.

Jerry said, "You're all right, son. Come on around. Here you are."

Jackie's eyes opened. "Daddy," he asked faintly, "what—did the—monkey—do—then?"

———o———

A Meteor

By Mary A. Burgess

Oh, meteor, you are a youth
  So fill with fire of things, but
    with no aim
In mind. A lot of splendor lost
  Because you are unwilling to be tame.

No bounds can hold you, so at last
  Your fires die out, and nothing has
    been done,
Not willing to conform to laws,
  Another victory for failure won.

— *P. H. S.*

Two Houses

By Lucile Tench

I RARELY tell of the pleasant little fancies my mind stumbles upon in idle moments. People, as a rule, are pathetically unimaginative. To my mind there is nothing more disgusting than an indulgent smirk that reveals very plainly your audience's pity for your being afflicted with "such queer notions." People like that annoy me greatly. Sometimes, however, I get rebellious and say what I think, regardless of all the patient little smiles. As it happens, I'm in such a mood now; otherwise I wouldn't be trying to express so bravely the ideas I have each time I pass by two humble little houses.

Houses are interesting objects to study. I do not mean from an architectural angle—I don't know a thing about that—but rather from a standpoint of impressions. The cottages of which I speak are really homes. Some houses, you know, are built with the sad fate of always being just houses—never homes. They seem to have been put together with gloomy nails and disagreeable boards. But one could hardly keep from being utterly happy in either one of these little houses, I'm sure. They stand side by side in a quiet, secluded spot. I doubt if many people know of their existence or even care to know. I shall never tell, because almost everyone would be disappointed. One needs special eyes sometimes to see the beauty behind straggling weeds and drooping window blinds, and second-sighted people are, unfortunately, extremely hard to find.

The little houses are very old, both bearing the scars of ruthless bullets. They are deserted now, and no one seems to know much about them or their owners. Perhaps, if I knew, I wouldn't be as interested and charmed. Truth is often sadly disillusioning.

Each cottage looks as if it has only two rooms. There are two small chimneys from which I can almost see friendly little feathers of smoke curling. The path to each one actually sings "hospitality" in a meek, unpretentious manner. One house is white-washed, with a few yellow bricks showing through where time has beaten the white away. The other, once red, I suppose, has faded to a dusty rose.

One rarely finds colonial homes that are so very small and simple. They are usually huge, ivy-clad mansions. With them one associates gay, colorful balls, lovely ladies in fine ruffles and lacy frills, and aristocratic, bowing gentlemen.

Page nine . . . . .

My two modest homes couldn't hold such exhibitions of splendor. They would groan with pitiful helplessness and dismay, instead. But I do know that they would each manage to keep a nice, plain, busy family very well—with countless nights of story-telling before the crackling flames in the fireplace, and hardy young boys and girls romping about, crunching molasses candy.

———o———

Refuge

By Milton Hull

A Cloud

I raised my eyes from the earth's dull setting
  To free my soul from its gloomy thought.
Perhaps the skies could cure my fretting
  And tender to me the relief that I sought.
It was only a cloud, as we see every day,
  That soothed my thoughts with its gentle way.

A rosy gem set in sapphire billows,
  A pastelle soft, whose beauty I praised,
A love in a cradle of airy, blue pillows,
  Upon whose heights there were castles raised,
With stones made of wishes, and spires out of dreams
  That faded to naught 'fore the sun's cruel beams.

With delicate touch God had painted its beauty,
  With tints so soft 'twas a wonder to see.
Gently and kindly, as if bound by duty,
  It shed its reflection on earth and on me.
Like a maid's clinging kiss on angry lips pressed,
  My mind was cooled, and my soul given rest.

Wood Magic

Have you ever been a-hunting
  On the lazy Namozine,
When the dawns are cool and misty,
  And the leaves show bits o' green;
Where there's hick'ry trees a-plenty,
  And the sycamores are tall;
And the crows awake the woodland
  With their rough, discordant call?

. . . . *Page ten*

— *P. H. S.*

The sun has changed each dew-drop
  On the spider's silky maze
To a gem of wondrous brightness,
  Sparkling, darting, blinding rays.
Your bag will be slack, but your heart
    will be full,
  Such a morn when the grouse booms
    his thunder;
They will all be safe from your
    speechless gun
  When the woods are filled with wonder.

———o———

The Efficient Reeves

By John Grigg

ORTUNATELY, there are but few of us who have not become acquainted with the delightful works of P. G. Wodehouse. I like to remember him as the author of the books on "butler and valet" trouble, a terrible calamity, to be sure, which has to be experienced to be appreciated. I will then dive into a little narrative of my own particular case of Mr. Wodehouse's serious disease.

I have been sitting here for two hours now trying to find some logical way to persuade people in general that I am not daffy—in simpler terms, batty in the belfry. I don't know whether you have had the experience of having people at large thinking that you are crazy. Misery is no word for it. Fawning society and former friends cast pitying glances at you, always taking care to remain at a safe distance lest violence break out in your unbalanced mind.

It all started with my brother, George. In fact all of my troubles for the most part find their origin in that particular person. If you've never met him you can't understand what he's like. There's not another person in the world even remotely comparable to him. But then I can't blame it entirely upon Brother George. He really means well, but I sincerely wish that I had had him by the neck when he chanced to engage the serv-

ices of that infernal Reeves. You see, Reeves is my brother's secretary, valet, and, I must say, general manager.

We Van Dynes have never had to worry about the income side of the budget. It was old Grandfather Van Dyne that invented some gadget in England for fitting hats; he had a gadget that went in the crown of a hat with a small thumb screw—really very ingenious—which could be adjusted to make the hat fit anybody's head. They tell me that some famous hat manufacturer bought the invention and made his hats all the same size in the crown from then on. There was only one snag. Entire families took up the practice of purchasing one piece of head apparel for all of the male section of the clan, so that the sales returns of hats came near to being cut in half. But for all of that, George and I—and Aggie—yes, I mustn't leave Aggie out of the picture—get along very well, and quite easily. I have often heard Georgie say that he could not figure out which was worse, a wife or an old maid sister. On which occasion Reeves, if he was present, would give him a long look of reprimand and strut from the room. Yes, Reeves was a staunch supporter of the Aggie part of the family. He had always been quite the servant friend of Aggie. As for me and George, the less we see of Aggie the more fortunate we think ourselves. And Reeves is devoted to Georgie, as much so as anyone could be to another, I imagine. Reeves distinctly dislikes me, and I must say I return the feeling. He seems to consider that I have a bad influence on Georgie, y'know, keeping him out nights, an' so on.

One evening Georgie blew into my flat in a sort of whirlwind fashion, ascending the stairs like a schooner under full sail, and barged into a chair much like a river boat butting its stunted nose into the city wharf. I only have a maid to clean up my flat. I have thought of getting a valet, but with the thought always comes the horrible fear that I might strike a second Reeves.

"Howdy, ol' feller," I said. "Have something to drink?"

"Howard! Howard!" he threw at me, ignoring my greeting, "we've got to leave town—there's no helping it. Aggie's after me full blast, and I'll never be able to face her. I don't know where we'll head. I think Aggie knows someone in every town in America!"

If you knew Aggie, you wouldn't wonder at this behavior

. . . . *Page twelve*

from George. I am a strong man, but I have never yet had the nerve to face Aggie when I have displeased her.

George rambled on, "Y'see, Grace is married—"

"Married!" I yelped. "To that blighter of a count—"

"No!" he blurted out, "that's the rub; if it had been the count Aggie would be congratulating herself now on the successful completion of a fine match in the family."

You must know that Grace was my cousin, and a very pretty cousin at that, and well worth any man's time. But Aggie had fixed it all up that Grace would be hitched to some Count Bessford, who was all the craze in literary circles at the time with his disjointed poems. So I realized what was to come if Grace had succeeded in skipping Aggie's marriage bond.

"Well, unburden yourself, old man."

"Howard! It's awful!" George trembled. "I'd never have done it if I had thought Aggie'd get wind of it. Y'know that Grace and young Glen Boyd, the soda fountain clerk, were having a case of it, and I liked the boy. Well, I fixed it up and helped 'em. They're in Chicago now trying to skip Aggie. She's yelling something about having the marriage annulled. And she's hot on my trail at the same time."

"Probably that damn Reeves let the thing out," I said.

He sat for a moment brooding and then a smile spread over his face like an ink spot on a blotter.

"H'ray!" he cried, "I've got it! We go to London tomorrow! The steeple-chases are on next week and Aggie'd never reach us there. Get packing right now, and—no, don't say you can't make it!—we've got to do it. I'm going to get Reeves to get the tickets and pack."

And without more he fled from the room and I heard him going down the steps like a ton of coal into a cellar. It had been a long time since I had heard ol' George depart like that, and I welcomed the sudden outburst of enthusiasm. I didn't at all regret that London idea; I rather liked the idea of getting away for a while and visiting some of the old friends there. We had been many times before and had a standing membership in a swell bachelor's club on Picidilly. I think though that if I'd had more time and thought a bit further, I would have made the condition of my going that Reeves should have been left behind. He had a way of fixing things up for Georgie and at the same time leaving me as a butt of the affairs.

The next day came as quietly as usual and I hardly realized it before we were well on our way, Georgie and myself and Reeves, wearing his best nautical face. I acted very distant to him, for I still remembered how he had acted a week previous.

Y'see Georgie was inclined to—what you might say—imbibe too freely at night at the club at home, and it was practically miraculous the way that fellow can dream. I have honestly heard George yell so loud that the vases would fall off the mantel, and then wake to tell me to cut out the infernal noise. I never got provoked at the poor fellow, for I had a kind of feeling that the odds were against the perfect clearness of his upper extremity. And then it's always painful to admit, even to one's self, that a member of the family might be a bit lacking.

On the occasion that I mention, Georgie had gone off into a profound sleep after some very interesting prattle about how pretty the cat's fur was and how much like Aggie the cat looked when it bristled. I took to the adjoining bed praying that the night might pass without any dreams on Georgie's part, but such was not to be. Georgie seemed to draw the inspiration for his sleep wanderings from realities. I always kept a small table between the two beds on which was something to drink and, strange to say, it was my habit to place my goldfish bowl there also. I had but one goldfish. I called him "Neptune", and he certainly merited the name. He was the only fish I have ever seen that could do a back flip in the water. Needless to say, I prized him highly.

At about an hour after retiring I heard a sort of gurgling sound coming from Georgie, and I knew that he was warming up. I have always been afraid to wake him in the midst of his revelries, and so I rolled over and watched him silently. He reached over to the table and groped around for the glasses. I emitted a relieved sigh. Just then outside on the street a police bell began its incessant clanging. I had been afraid of something like that. Georgia plunged his hand into the gold-fish bowl and let out a piercing scream.

"She's sinking, mates!" he yelled. "All hands man the life boats. Help! Help! Help!"

Each successive "help" had gained in volume until I believe he would have burst his lungs if he had not awakened himself in the nick of time. I grabbed for the lights and found poor Neptune caught in the vice-like grip of Georgie's chubby hand. I had heard of a drowning man grabbing a straw, and

now I guessed poor Neptune must have known what it felt like to be the straw. I had just quieted the poor brother and put him back to bed when I heard Reeves talking quietly to someone at the door of the corridor. A moment later he entered and gave me one of those long stares like a chicken eyeing a worm.

"What was that, Reeves?" I asked as civilly as I could.

"Sir?"

I think he enjoyed exasperating me.

"I said, who was that at the door?"

"Oh, beg pardon, sir. That was the house manager. He said that all of the neighboring apartments were complaining of the bellowing that was coming from these rooms. However, I explained it all to him very satisfactorily. I hope I did not overstep my office in telling him that it was you who had been —uh, drinking,, sir, and were feeling a bit hilarious. I feared that it might ruin Sir George's social standing if such a thing should have gotten out about him. Excuse me, sir."

With this enlightening bit of information, he went out silently and left me to curse his soul for making up such a tale to save his master at my expense. From that time I disliked Reeves all the more, and you may be sure on the ocean voyage I was wary in my dealings with him.

Georgie was unusually quiet on the voyage, and I began to hope that he had banished the habit of dreaming of sinking ships and the like. Ah, me, if I had only known, I would have muzzled him each night before retiring. The fellow was like some opera singer saving up the best he had for the final outburst.

We arrived in London and put up at one of the most luxurious hotels I have ever visited. Georgie was quite a pushover in the society circles, and it was not long before we were dining and chatting each night with the elite of the city. It was most fascinating to see old Georgie chatting away with some old codger about the sporting events, and to compare him to some of his greater moments when he awakened whole city blocks with his sleep calling. I have always contended that George was cut out to be cheer leader for one of those flashy football games.

The bomb went off about two weeks after we had reached London. A letter reached us from Aggie. It quite knocked the props from under Georgie when he saw and recognized the hand-

writing. I strongly suspected Reeves of having supplied the necessary information to Aggie of our whereabouts. To say I was surprised, dumbfounded, knocked for a loop, as they say, when I read it was to put it as mild as a lamb on a sunny day. I had to read the dratted thing three times before it finally got through my thick skull. It ran this way: it was merely a proclamation of victory on the part of Aggie. It seemed that this dumb Count Bessford (I never knew quite how dumb he was before) had found it his part to propose to Aggie and they were now on the way to Cuba for the first stage in the life battle.

Lord, what a night that was. Georgie lured me into the smoking room to celebrate and spent a couple of hours in sopping up English liquors. I finally got him to his room by the simple means of picking up his limp form and depositing him in his bed. He went to sleep very quickly and I settled down for what was to be, I hoped, a quiet night. I had half an idea to tell Reeves to stand by for trouble, for I expected tall happenings that night. But, after all, we Van Dynes have a little independence, and so I swallowed my premonitions and went to bed.

At about three in the morning it happened. The gurgling began in poor Georgie's bed and developed into a steady drone like a racing car taking a hill in high. I braced myself for the consequences. Then in a second I realized my error! There was a small table by George's bed and I had left the lamp burning on it. Before I could jump and grab the confounded thing Georgie had reached and grasped the red-hot bulb in his searching fist. I saw him rise bodily from the bed, and I braced myself for the vocal outburst that was sure to come. And follow it did! Never in my life have I experienced such a ripping, penetrating call as Georgie emitted.

"Help! Help! Help! Help!" Here he seemed to catch his breath and draw himself up to a greater height, "Fire! Fire! Fire!—Help!"

He seemed to add that final "Help" as a sort of finishing touch; just to prove that he could do it again. They tell me that some neighboring resident broke a nearby fire-alarm box, but I will always believe that the local fire department heard the clarion call of Georgie at his best. The next thing I knew was that I stepped into the hall and was immediately grasped by four of the bulkiest and roughest policemen that I have ever seen. I was grimly aware of the silent face of Reeves in the

background. I knew then that it was Reeves' doings, and I think I could have gladly broken the fellow's neck if I could have reached him.

Next morning I received a letter postmarked London, and rightfully guessed that it was from Reeves and Georgie. They had both disappeared the night before, or rather that morning. I had been released, of course, but not until a doctor had come in and tapped me all over with that silver sounding instrument that they use. I had to tell him how many fingers he had on his hand; then finally I was conducted to a suite of rooms that had all the furniture screwed down and the electric lamps and fans high on the wall and out of reach.

I sat down and read the following message:

Times Dock, London, May 23, ——

Dear Mr. Van Dyne,

It is with much sorrow that I write this explanation of the happenings of last night. Sir George joins with me in hoping that you will join us as soon as possible—in America.

You must see that it would have been detrimental to Sir George's social endeavors to have had it disclosed that he caused the disturbances in the suite last night. I was unusually long in chancing upon the simple explanation which I used. So long, in fact, that when I first heard the yell that Sir George let out I immediately went to the kitchens below our suite, and as they were empty, I started a small blaze there. The firemen were quite satisfied as to the sincerity of the fire, but the hotel manager could not understand how the fire had been discovered from our flat. I was then forced to explain to him that you were at time seized by slight brain waves which caused you to act strangely, and how you took a secret delight in starting fires in kitchens. He understood perfectly and agreed to quite overlook it all if you would kindly pay for the damage done in the kitchen. You will probably receive the bill today. I am sorry that this inconvenience had to be forced upon you.

We have left for America, and Sir George asks me to urge you to come at once as soon as you have straightened up the little affair there.

Yours respectfully,

JAMES A. REEVES,
Gen. Sect. to Sir George Van Dyne.

"The Missile"

I read the beastly thing twice, and I must admit that I was tempted to believe that the blighter's middle initial stood for Anarchist.

* * * * * *

I have just gone to the window to look out on the square and happened to see one of the attendants down below. I beckoned to him, but he ran into the hotel with all speed. I guess the fellow has gone to get a life net to put below the window in case I attempt to commit suicide. If I take any life, I have a strong feeling that it will not be my own.

Night

By Florence Epps

O Night, on fluttering wings you come,
  A bird with plummage black.
Your vaporous breath is cold and damp;
Your only light, a star-lit lamp.
  Sleep rides upon your back.

'Neath drooping wings the earth you hide,
  In shadows deep concealed,
But list', O bird, you must not stay
And keep away another day.
  Fly, for the sun's revealed.

— *P. H. S.*

A Masculine Memory

By Jack Hopkins

THERE is printed indelibly in my mind the memory of my first shave, and it is with a grimace and with great reluctance that I here relate of my experience.

Often, with admiration, I had watched my father draw a razor across his face with the utmost skill and rapidity, while I expected every minute to see blood trickle from where he had shaved too close. I watched his every motion and manipulation from the moment he put some shaving cream on his brush until he replaced the instruments. It was obvious that I was envious of everyone with a bristly face, for to me hirsuteness was the mark of manhood, and I was over-anxious to enter into the fold. During this period of anxiety I purchased more magazines than ever before; for the literary matter in them?—no, but for the coupons which I clipped out and sent off for shaving needs, my only expense being the price of the magazine and a postage stamp. In brief, I could not await the day when I would be initiated into the ranks of those who shave.

That day came soon enough. Many remarks both humorous and helpful were voiced about the fuzzy growth on my face, and I determined to procrastinate my first shave no longer. Immediately after school I went home—luckily, everyone was out—and drew from under my shirts in a bureau drawer a small sample tube of shaving cream and a bottle of after-shaving lotion. Rather nervously, I admit, I took my father's brush and razor, and, discarding the instructions that came with the shaving cream, I imitated my father's motions and gestures as best I was able. Casually, I worked up a lather on my face from my neck up; my hair, ears, nose and even my eyes had it. The soap was dripping over my entire shirt. Blindly, I grabbed for a towel, and succeeded in tearing the curtains and drying my face. Disgustedly, I tore off my wet shirt; now I could work better. I then drew the razor down my face, but to my amazement it did not cut the beard. Looking at the razor, I noticed that there was no blade in it. The consequences of my attempting to place a blade in it were six or seven gashes on each hand. Contorting my face in every conceivable shape, I finally succeeded in cutting off most of my beard and part of my face. I was counting eleven cuts on my face when I remembered that

Page nineteen . . . . .

my after-shaving balm would aid somewhat, so I dashed some on my face. Everyone should know the result, and my articulations were beyond the utterances of a sailor. I grabbed a towel and soon put out the fire on my face. I was finished with shaving; never again would I touch a razor to my face, but in less than a week I was forced to contend with the same thing over again.

Ever since, I have resolved over and over again either to set a style by wearing a beard, or to become a hermit and escape the conventions of this world.

A Little Farm

By Willis Comstock

I've trampled over many a farm,
  From north, south, east and west,
But after all, the little farm,
  It seems to me is best.

I like the long laborious days,
  Without the rush and noise;
I like its small luxurious ways,
  And all its faults and joys.

The little farms provide their thrills,
  The same as big farms do,
But there is not the pace that fills
  Life's cup with bitter brew.

Just put your hopes on the little thing,
  With little pride or show,
For truest happiness it will bring,
  As those who've tried it know.

Evidence

By John I. Williamson

MURDER had been committed in the little town of Fort George on Hudson Bay. This was startling news to the chief of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police of this district, for the peace of this thriving little trading post had not been so appalling interrupted for several years. The inhabitants of this town, who were chiefly trappers and fishermen, lived their monotonous lives in comparative peace and friendliness in spite of the fact that the population consisted of Indians, Eskimos, half-breeds and a sprinkling of whites.

Captain Richardson, who had been detailed to hunt down the murderer of Jules LaRue, a trapper, was an officer of the "Mounties." A younger son of an old British family, he had emigrated to Canada in his youth and had long been a conscientious and enthusiastic member of the force. His devotion to duty was only equaled by his tenderness to his only son, Pierre.

It was a crisp November morning in 1930 when Captain Richardson started north to pick up the trail of the fugitive. From the location of the murder given him by his superiors, he realized it was near the trapping ground of his son, Pierre. Good, he thought; this would give him an opportunity for a welcome visit with his son. Pierre had gone north some weeks before to put out his traps for the season. It had already started snowing, and the air gave promise of a blow before night. All day the snow continued to fall until by evening it was nearly ten inches deep, and progress had become very difficult. With slow, measured steps he plodded on, determined to reach his son's cabin before taking a much needed sleep.

It was late morning and the rays of the sun had just begun to glisten on the tops of the spruce trees when Captain Richardson stumbled into the clearing around Pierre's cabin. Exhausted and numb with the cold, he opened the door of the cabin into the front room where a cast-iron stove cast its glow on the rough plank floor. The odor of frying bacon was coming from the back room where Captain Richardson expected to find his son. He hesitated a moment near the red hot stove to thaw some of the frost out of his clothes before letting his presence be known. The heat caused him to wince with pain as his almost frozen flesh began to warm. In a few moments, as he

Page twenty-one . . . . .

became more comfortable, he called: "Hey, Pierre! Pierre!"

To his astonishment, a strange face appeared at the door to the kitchen. "Ah, but you are ver' col', monsieur. You have come far?" asked the stranger.

Without answering the question, he asked: "W h e r e is Pierre?"

"He is not here, monsieur; he go away in one beeg hurry."

"And who are you?" asked Captain Richardson.

"Me? I his ver' dear fren; he leave me to take care cabin while he away on trap line. They call me Jacques Renaud, You no hear of Jacques Renaud, the best guide in all north?"

"No, I don't believe I ever have. I am Captain Richardson of the Northwest Mounted Police, and I have come to see my son."

He noticed that when he said "Police" Jacques Renaud's eyes took on a deadly glint, but his face had a broad smile on it as he said: "I am ver' glad to meet you, Captain Richardson. Your son will be ver' soree that he is away. You take off coat; I fix nice beeg breakfast."

Captain Richardson, while removing his outer garments, puzzled a little at his son's making a round of his traps before it snowed, as it is usually after the first snowfall that the pelts are of any value and the animals begin to move about in search of food. It usually took two days to make the rounds of the traps, and it would probably be tomorrow or the next day before he would return. He dismissed the thought of Pierre's leaving before snow had fallen, thinking that he might have wanted to re-set or move some of the traps before the next snow.

He went into the little back room, which was only a shed built up against the one-room cabin, where Jacques had prepared a savory breakfast of bacon and pancakes. They ate in comparative silence, passing a few remarks about the snow storm and the likelihood of its clearing in a day or two. After finishing breakfast, Captain Richardson explained to Jacques that he was very tired and would lie down for a while. He went in and lay down on a bed of spruce board frame with a mattress of balsam boughs and was immediately asleep.

Captain Richardson awoke about four o'clock in the afternoon and, although he was still stiff and somewhat tired, he realized he must continue on to pick up the clues of the murder. The route which he would take crossed his son's trap line; there-

fore there was a chance that he might run into Pierre on the trail. It had stopped snowing while he was asleep, so after a hasty meal, he clothed himself for the trail and told Jacques, when his son arrived, to tell him he would see him before spring, and with that he bade adieu and turned north.

After a few miles, he began to realize that the snow had become firmer, with a thin layer on top; a fact which indicated that it had snowed in this section a few days before, and that the snow of last night did not fall much farther north. Another mile or so and he came to where there was no new snow at all and only four to six inches of the earlier snow with a thin, hard crust on top, which made the going better.

About four o'clock in the morning he came to the spot where the murder had been committed. An Indian had come into the station and reported that he had seen the body of a white man lying in the ravine. He had examined the man and found several knife wounds in his body.

As Captain Richardson approached the place, he looked for a ravine to suit the description of the one given by the Indian. After a half hour's search, he found it and in it the dead body of Jules LaRue. A few yards from the body he found a hunting knife which, to his amazement, he recognized as belonging to his son. At first he thought that this might have some connection with the murder, but he immediately overcame this fear. Pierre could not have had anything to do with the murder of Jules LaRue; he had probably lost the knife while on his trap line, as the line ran very near to the place where the body was found. From the corpse led two sets of tracks, one which he knew to be those of the Indian who had discovered the body, and the other he took to be the tracks of the murderer, leading off into the vast north.

Hastily he examined the body and then started on the trail of the murderer, following the tracks until he came to Pierre's trap line. He looked about for footprints where his son had passed, but to his surprise the only tracks were those he had been following.

Continuing on, he came to a cabin. With pistol drawn, he burst open the door and cried: "Hands up!" to the figure crouched by the fire. Immediately he exclaimed: "Why, Pierre, old man," and replaced his pistol.

With dismay, the realization came to him that here was the man he had been tracking. Pierre a murderer! He could not

believe it, yet all his training told him that the evidence could not be overlooked. The knife belonging to Pierre! Overwhelming conclusion as to his guilt. A war was waging between his love and sense of duty. Although it was impossible to believe his son could have done this deed, still he found himself carefully analyzing the story he told, in accordance with his years of training.

"Hello, Dad!" exclaimed Pierre. "Why do you look so surprised?"

"I didn't expect to find you, Pierre, I—Pierre, you didn't knife LaRue, did you?"

"Knife LaRue!" Pierre exclaimed in astonishment, "I didn't even know him. Who did it?"

"My son, I'm here to find the answer to that question now. I've followed tracks from the body, and now to think that I find my own son a murderer. Oh, why did you do it?"

"But I tell you I didn't do it. Where was he found? I haven't even seen the body. Why do you connect me with the murder?"

"Your tracks were the only ones I found," said Captain Richardson, "and they led near the body. I also found your hunting knife near the scene of the crime."

"My tracks near the body?" Pierre put in, "I saw no body on the trail, and I have my hunting knife in my pack."

With this Pierre turned to his pack and dumped the contents on the floor searching through it. He arose presently, somewhat puzzled, and stammered, "It's—it's not there."

In Captain Richardson's mind a conflict of thoughts was taking place. Should he let Pierre go free? Although the evidence was strongly against his son, he felt that he could not arrest him. He would turn in his badge and quit the force even though he knew it would bring disgrace to his name and long record. Still it would save Pierre from life imprisonment or possibly death. Maybe he was innocent; perhaps he had lost his hunting knife on the trail, as he maintained. No, he could not release him with all the evidence pointing towards him. His sense of duty and sterling character would not allow him to let a criminal go free, even though he was so dear to him. He stepped forward with an expression of anguish on his face and placed the handcuffs on his son in spite of his protestations.

With Pierre marching in front of him, Captain Richardson

finally reached Pierre's cabin. When the door was opened, instead of finding a bright, clean cabin, he found charred blackness. Huddled in the corner was a figure moaning in pain. Jacques Renaud was lying there in mortal agony, burned horribly.

"Who's that?" he gasped.

"It's Captain Richardson and Pierre," said the Captain. "How did you get burned? What happened?"

"I turn' over lamp an' burn up de cabin—fire trap me in corner—I no can get out."

As he went on with his story, Captain Richardson realized that the man could not live much longer. He was breathing with difficulty and was failing fast.

"Captain Richardson, you one good man," said Renaud as he went on; "I want tell you somet'ing—I killed LaRue."

At this Captain Richardson was visibly startled and stared at Renaud incredulously.

"I come to cabin and tell Pierre hees traps all sprung. I knew hees trap line go near body and he leave tracks mak' you think he keel LaRue."

He gave a groan, heaved a convulsive sigh, and was dead.

Pierre and his father solemnly turned away and walked out of the cabin.

"Pierre," said Captain Richardson, "forgive me for not believing you, but I have been on the force so long I could not overlook the evidence."

"Sure, Dad," answered Pierre and placed an affectionate arm around his father's shoulder.

Fort Walker

By Eugenia Jolly

Out there you stand among the trees,
  A monument of earth
To the brave men who died for us,
  And those who gave us birth.

Little we know how hard they worked
  From early morn till night,
With pick and shovel in their hands,
  To keep the foe from sight.

Today the grass grows on your breast
  So beautifully green,
It covers many a pained footprint,
  Which now can ne'er be seen.

Amid the roar of cannon and gun
  You did your duty well,
To keep from harm the men in gray
  Although a number fell.

Through rain and cold you stood the strain
  Through all these many years,
Just as your makers stood the test,
  Through many blinding tears.

And now you stand within a park
  Named for General Lee,
With other forts and lovely drives
  Which every one should see.

With stately air you look upon
  The pleasures all around,
Swimming, boating, baseball, golf,
  Where once was battleground.

Although the children 'round you play,
  To them you are a shrine;
Reminding them of those brave deeds
  Done by the men in line.

— P. H. S.

From miles away come men today
To pay you homage due,
For though you are but mounds of earth,
You stand for all things true.

When blue and gray meet by your side,
'Tis not with hate or fear.
The few who are left of blue and gray
Clasp hands with many a tear.

Books

By Ester Lavenstein

I HONESTLY think that books are one's best friends. There are times when I feel inconsolably depressed, and at those times, I find that nothing can make my spirits rise so quickly and so surely as books. I derive great pleasure from taking books from their shelves, "thumbing" through, and replacing them. The dullest history and the latest novel hold equal interest for me at such a time.

When the shelves have been dusted and the books stacked on the fioor beside me, I go through them one by one. Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verses" is the tallest book in my library; consequently it must be replaced first. Every poem in the volume is familiar to me; a great number of them I have had to memorize in grammar school. How well I remember the day I was called upon to recite "Bed in Summer," and how very sorry I was for us youngsters who really had to go to bed "by day." I was particularly fond of a poem about a sick child; it was probably because I was a little mystified at the suggestion of death.

Then I place several Junior Literary Guild books to which I attach little sentiment. For the most part, they are comparatively recent editions of light and fast moving stories. Among these books, however, is a beautifully bound edition of "The Omnibus of Romance," and I always pause to admire it. The title of one story catches my eye, and I recognize it as my favorite. I must re-read it when there is time.

Ah! There is "Heidi"! It was given to me on my tenth birthday by a friend who had heard me say I wanted it. One

of my classmates had reviewed the book before the class, and I became vastly interested in learning the details of the story. I remember the day Miss Leighton of D. M. Brown School told us that the purpose of giving the reviews was to stimulate interest in reading, and so far as I was concerned, the review was not given in vain.

I blush with shame when I glance at my squatty silver and black copy of "Moby Dick," for I have never succeeded in reading more than the first five chapters of it. I am sure that if I even read chapter six, I'll be able to read the entire book, and I mean to do it before long.

A dirty brown copy of "Grimm's Fairy Tales" recalls "scarlet fever days" when Mother spent hours at a time reading those fantastic stories over and over again to a little girl who really believed them. Several books of poems and a volume of Shakespeare are replaced, and now I am through.

I have had a lovely morning. Books, thank you for helping me forget that I must write an essay and that I can think of nothing to write.

———o———

Sea Shell

By Jack Hopkins

Tanned by fragrant South Sea breezes;
  Cooled by the Arctic's frozen lands;
Of myriad shapes and multi-colored.
  Wave-washed wanderer, Neptune's hands
Carve and tint you as he pleases.

Lone witness of the seven seas,
  Whose concavity brings to my ear
The pulsating throb of the ocean's story
  Of billowing tides from year to year,
And stories you alone release.

The gory tales of buccaneers bold;
  Fearless Argonauts searching for fleece.
Of sunken barques and buried treasure;
  Hardy Aeneas in quest of peace.
These are the stories that I am told.

Queer Old Cap'n Sam'l.

By Robert James

OLD Biscote was indeed a queer character. For nigh onto ten years now he had owned and operated the old ramshackle hotel, the Sally Jane, on the waterfront. He had been running it ever since his leg had been bitten off by a shark off San Diego. He had been trying to save young Harry Fisher, who had fallen overboard. Biscote had jumped into the water and, while he was trying to help the lad, sharks came up, took his leg off and got the boy, Fisher, who was never seen again.

That was when Biscote was Cap'n Sam'l Biscote, skipper of the "Sally Jane," the best fishing boat that ever weighed anchor in the port of Frisco. The loss of his leg had finished Biscote, weakening him mentally and physically. Some said his mind was entirely gone, and others said he was only slightly "cracked". At any rate, the same man who had gone out on that voyage did not come back.

He was a tall, gaunt looking man, with hair that was almost white with his seventy-odd years. His face was weather-beaten, even after the fifteen years ashore. He wore a peg-leg, with which he got around pretty well. They say that he had been a big, husky man before the accident, but now his skin hung on him.

The hotel was named after his boat. The only customers it ever had were the old sea-faring men of earlier days. But almost every evening young men from all around came to listen to Biscote spin his yarns of the sea. Most of them had been made up by the cracked brain, but some were true. It was a queer sight to see the young men and boys gathered around the old man, who gestured with his arms, his eyes lighted by a strange light, his voice, wavering and cracked, rising and falling as he told his stories.

Every day, whenever he was not busy, he would sit on the veranda of the hotel, watching the different fishing boats come in. Every day when one came in he would go hobbling down to the wharf, greeting all captains as friends and comrades. Every night he wouldn't go to bed until the last fishing boat due was in. Many times he didn't go to bed, staying up all night watching and waiting. There was not a boat of the fishing type in

the port of San Diego he didn't know or could not recognize.

One day, about three o'clock in the afternoon, the barometer in the Sally Jane's lobby began to fall with alarming speed. It was viewed by all with alarm as it was far below normal. The light wind which had been blowing all morning died down suddenly. A ring formed around the sun, and in the northeast black clouds began to gather.

"Going to be a bad blow," remarked old Jeb Stebbins, as he sucked his pipe.

"Yep, she is that," agreed old Cap'n Sam'l, looking at the clouds a bit doubtfully.

These two, with a few other old cronies, were sitting on the porch of the hotel, talking about the falling of the barometer and the changes in the weather.

"All the boats in?" asked one of the cap'n.

"Nope, the 'Flying Whale' is still out, due tonight."

"Pretty bad for her," said another.

"Oh, she'll pull through," declared old Jeb, "she's a steady old tub."

"Aye, but this looks like the worst nor'easter there's been since the 'Mary Ann' went down two years ago." Cap'n Sam'l said this, filling his long pipe with a evil-smelling tobacco.

"Wal, Sid Wolliver knows that harbor if any one does," said old Hiram Waback, speaking of the skipper of the "Flying Whale."

"Yep, but it's easy to run aground on the reefs in a big blow," remarked one.

"Aye, but that new-fangled buoy will help bring her through," said Stebbins, chewing his tobacco rapidly.

"Wal, we'll see."

And so the talk ran on. The sky became blacker and blacker. The wind, which had risen again, began to moan as it gathered velocity.

Suddenly, the storm broke, and the water fell in great sheets. The wind wailed as it vainly tried to tear the hotel down. The men's faces were glued to the windows which commanded views of the bay as they watched for the lights of the "Flying Whale." They stayed there till about ten o'clock when Hiram Waback shouted: "A light! I see a light!"

"Where?" all asked at once.

"On the starboard side," said Hiram, peering through the glass. "See her?"

"Aye, I see her!" cried Cap'n Sam'l excitedly.

"If she doesn't be careful, she'll go on the reef," said one, after a few minutes.

"She's darn close," remarked another, "but Wolliver knows this port."

"She's aground!" shouted Cap'n Sam'l, suddenly. "She's aground!"

"Aye, 'tis true," said Hiram. "God help the poor devils!"

"Let's go," yelled Sam'l, catching up his sou'wester.

"Where to?" asked one.

"To the wharf," was the reply.

"Aye, but what can we do?" inquired Waback.

"I'm going to take a line out," said old Cap'n Sam'l, grimly.

"But that's death!"

"But what about those poor fellows?"

"You can't go!" said Hiram.

"I will!"

He got a boat ready and got into it. The sea was heaving and roaring. Waves were slapping against the wharf, making it tremble. The rain still poured down.

It never could be explained why no one stopped him. The next day, after the storm, his body was washed up on the beach. The vessel, "Flying Whale," ran safely off the reef.

And so lived and died queer old Cap'n Sam'l Biscote.

JOHN GRIGG

Medley

By Lucile Tench

Race

The old Negro nods in the heavy solitude of a
summer afternoon;
Once he rouses to knock away a fly, drunk with
the warm richness of summer,
Then settles back in the shade—
Sleepily unaware of the deep, thick grass, fra-
grant with green life, the stretch of soft, fer-
tile earth, the still shade.

They say that his grandfather danced to the
savage drums—
His black skin gleaming against the matted
green of the jungle.
Screaming in a barbaric language shrill,
strange cries through the dense bush,
Cries of hatred and defiance under a torrid sun.

A full aching voice chants from the silent
stretch of the field,
"Oh, Lord, Lord, Father of Moses,
Save Your people,
Take us away ——."

Understanding

Yes, I had heard of them long years before
  And scorned their work, for what could be
    my gain
  From men whose thoughts had sought a
    higher plain
Than mine? And they had passed within a door,
Touching beauty at its very core,
  Washing dawn's suffering, brilliant stain
  From off their finger tips with silver rain,
Possessing everything and wanting more.

But when I tried to write as they—they seemed
  So poor: young Keats with what was more
    than just
A fear of coldness; Shelley, who had dreamed
  In vain; and Burns, who loved the simple dust:
I felt strange thing I couldn't say, and then
I understood the hearts of humble men.

The Answer

Dark earth, the air, and flowing water—
  Each defies the endless pain
That feeds on empty, ignorant fear
  And runs as blood through every vein;

Survivors of time, these three alone
  Remember the universal plan
Which sealed within the elements
  The unknown destiny of man.

All life returns to the ancient source
  From which it came and to the One
Who asked the three to be His voice,
  To say to men, "Thy will be done—"

. . . . . *Page thirty-four*

— *P. H. S.*

The Art of Fishing

By Milton Hull

WHY the inquisitive raising of the right eyebrow when I say the art of fishing? Surely you must know that fishing is an art. Perhaps you won't find it listed as such in dictionaries or encyclopedias, but it is. Just think for a moment. Any man who can buy tackle amounting to maybe eleven dollars and forty-two cents, transportation to a favorite stream, representing about two hard-earned dollars, and fishing privileges, another dollar earned by the sweat of an honest brow, the whole amounting to, I believe, fourteen dollars and forty-two cents, then spend time and energy catching a few fish worth about a quarter, is either an inspired genius or a lunatic. Who really gets hooked—the fish or the fisherman? Any sane man would go to a fish store and buy the fish, thereby expending a total of about thirty cents. According to this, there are only one or two sane men left amongst us.

But in the above remarks, I have been unfair. I have said nothing of the real motive behind such extravagance. Of course, it is the sport of the thing the men go after. What springs to your mind when you hear the word "fishing"? An odorous shad staring at you with blank expression from his bed of ice? Certainly not. You see a surging, silvery form, rushing out yards of swishing line from a man thumbing his reel with nerves and muscles taut, eyes and mouth wide open, the eyes gleaming with elation, the mouth with gold teeth.

And, gosh! If he lands him, it is the most wonderful thing in the world. The angler realizes he has conquered the mighty two-pound fish in equal battle, after a long, hard struggle, and he is supremely proud of it.

This afterglow, or rightful pride, or whatever the sensation is, is a wonderful setting-up exercise. The chest swells out, the shoulders are thrown back, and the chin in thrust upward. You bend—one, two,—never mind the bending, I think the train of thought was derailed.

But this thrill which accompanies the landing of the fish dates way back to the cloud-shrouded ages when there were no fish stories, when fishing was a necessity, not a sport, and if you were to have fish supper on Friday, you and your skin-swathed family had to catch your own supper — back to the

days when you didn't know where your next meal was coming from, and the thrill then was a thrill of thankfulness and ease of mind, thankful that you had at least one more meal.

So you can see that fishing has a past, and it is likely always to have a future. It is one sport that will never die, because it is born into men. It is one thing I can think of whose worth is not cheapened by the large numbers of people indulging in it.

As Herbert Hoover once said, it is a game that young and old, rich and poor, can play with equal chances. A fish is not discriminating. He is as likely to take the farmer boy's worm-baited hook as he is to take the millionaire's glittering plug.

Fish and women are fickle and fastidious. Both have whims, moods, and fancies which must be studied, then obeyed. This does not necessarily mean that a man who can get along with his wife is a good fisherman, but I believe he would be more apt than a novice at the art of baiting. One thing about fishing though, if you don't like the way the fish are doing, you can get up and leave, but a married man is different.

A Ballad Of 1918

By Jordan Wyatt

Camp Lee was a training ground,
  Its quarters overrun,
Its soldiers sick and dying e'en
  Before they met the Hun.

'Twas winter in that dreadful year
  With Christmas Eve at hand.
Distress had entered every home
  Throughout our lovely land.

The angels in the heaven above
  Must have wept to see,
How very far from "Peace on Earth,"
  A war-torn world could be.

. . . . . *Page thirty-six*

— *P. H. S.*

The wind had blown a might blast
  On that eventful day;
It swept the James from shore to shore
  And formed a frozen way.

Fred Adams crossed the frozen span
  And felt a little vain,
Because in turning off the road
  He cut the miles in twain.

He brought his brother from the camp,
  For he was off on leave,
And what a happy time they had
  Upon that Christmas Eve.

The time was short, the parting came,
  The mother said goodbye,
And bravely waved her boys adieu
  Determined not to cry.

Meanwhile the ice boat ploughed its way
  Up the frozen span,
Not knowing that in doing so
  It set a trap for man.

The boys were speeding on their way,
  And all was going well,
Until they struck the open ice;
  Then a dreadful thing befell.

The people heard them from the shore,
  A scream and then a plunge.
Into the icy waters then
  The car was seen to lunge.

That was the end, the dreadful end,
  So sad it makes me cry.
So please do not repeat the tale,
  But let the story die.

The Great Donkey Race

By W. P. Kevan, Jr.

TOM, Dick and Harry were at last the proud possessors of three of the most obstinate, sad looking, flea-bitten creatures that have ever graced this world under the name of donkeys. The three boys, all good friends, lived in a small southern town. Their parents had just gratified their hearts' desire by presenting them with the three sad creatures mentioned above.

The donkeys, while appearing exactly the same to the public eye, had some extremely individual characteristics. Ebeneezer, belonging to Tom, had a way of kicking energetically with his right hind leg; Ephraim, belonging to Dick, had a way of kicking energetically with his left hind foot; while Ezekiel, belonging to Harry, had a way of kicking very energetically with both of his hind feet.

Just at this season of the year the annual county fair was in, or was supposedly in, full swing. The fair didn't seem to have much swing to it this year, however, the attendance being very small. As old Judge Somers, the patriarch of the town, said, "Something just had to be done about it!" Then someone conceived the idea of having a donkey race. This was enthusiastically approved by the judge and all the rest. So it was announced to the public that there would be a donkey race open to any and all comers.

Tom, Dick and Harry received this news with joy and enthusiasm because they were just about the only ones in town owning donkeys, or at any rate racing donkeys. Each immediately launched himself into a long oration as to the respective merits of his own donkey. Although they would not admit it for the world, each was impressed by the others' catalogue of the fine points of their donkeys.

The race track was a mile long with a three-hundred-yard straightaway at the finish, and the only obstacle was a hedge that was across the entire track.

Early the morning after the announcement the boys could be found giving their mounts a "secret workout." Tom clocked Ebeneezer at one hour and forty-five minutes, omitting the many stops for water, for the mile. Dick whizzed around on Ephraim in two hours flat with no stops whatever. Harry, on

Ezekiel, got fifteen feet and no farther, for there Ezekiel stopped to stave off his unrequited passion for horse radishes and could not be budged out of the patch. For horse radishes Ezekiel would go through fire and water.

The second day each determined that he would not confess the total flop of his steed as a race horse. So, accordingly, each bragged as much about his mount as he had done on the day before. In the hearts of all the boys there grew a desire that they could have one of the others' mounts. Just at that moment Tom was given a poster stating that a prize of ten dollars in gold would be given the winner of the donkey race. This cemented, in the hearts of the boys, the desire for one of the others' wonderful mounts. Harry began telling of his exploits as a rider and he casually mentioned that he could win the race, even on Dick's donkey. Dick jumped at the chance and said that he bet he couldn't because Harry didn't know how to handle "his" wonderful donkey. So, finally, to the ill-concealed delight of all, the boys changed donkeys. Tom took Ezekiel, Dick took Ebeneezer, and Harry took Ephraim.

The next morning, which was the day of the race, dawned bright and sunny and the three boys went blithely to the race track, all confident of winning. About a half hour before the race the three sauntered casually over to look at the entrance book, although they knew nobody was entered except themselves. There, in front of their horrified eyes, was written in a bold hand:

"Willie Jones—Donkey Race—On Jagged Lightning."

This unexpected catastrophe stunned the three boys, but as soon as they recovered their wits they unanimously agreed that one of them must beat the "enemy."

In a few minutes the four donkeys were lined up at the post with their four riders. Willie Jones and Jagged Lightning were indeed two formidable looking opponents. Jagged Lightning was exactly like his name, and the boys thought Willie to be as near to a professional jockey as they had ever seen.

Then the sheriff shouted "Go" and shot his double-barreled shot gun. This scared Ebeneezer, Ephraim and Ezekiel so that they were off in a cloud of dust, far in advance of Jagged Lightning, despite his appearance.

The end of the first half mile found Ephriam at his customary walk, Ebeneezer and Ezekiel visibly slowing down, and

Jagged Lightning swiftly overtaking them. The third quarter found Ephraim, with Harry off and pushing, well out of the race. Just then Ebeneezer saw a bucket of water and with a loud bray he and Dick left the race for good. Coming down the straightaway Jagged Lightning was far in front of Ezekiel and everybody agreed that he had won the race. At that moment Ezekiel gave a loud bray and set out for home. The people at that race agreed that they had never seen an animal go so fast without flying. Ezekiel and Jagged Lightning rushed down the last hundred yards neck and neck, but with Ezekiel gradually forging ahead. With a last flash of speed Ezekiel flashed past and broke the tape! Then, amid the cheers of the crowd, Tom tried to stop Ezekiel, but the little donkey kept straight on, jumping a fence and dashed into a produce stall filled with horse radishes.

That night three tired but contented boys were arguing as to how they would spend five dollars, and a little donkey was chewing contentedly on five dollars' worth of horse radishes.

———o———

A Cloud

By Will Rogers

A large gray cloud is only a scowl
That covers the face of the cheery sun
When he is angry with beast and fowl
And sends bad weather to spoil their fun.

— *P. H. S.*

"The Gift of Seven Railroads"

By H. Spencer Chappell

A GATEWAY to greater civic progress was opened in Cincinnati, Ohio, on March 31, when the new forty-one-million-dollar Cincinnati Union Terminal was dedicated to the city. Cincinnati's citizens have claimed the new terminal for their own with a sense of gratitude as well as pride. For this latest addition to the city's commercial assets is the gift of the seven railroads entering the Ohio metropolis, which joined together in the Cincinnati Union Terminal Company for the purpose of building it. The railroads which own and use the new gateway are the Big Four, Louisville and Nashville, Norfolk & Western, Chesapeake and Ohio, Baltimore and Ohio, Southern and the Pennsylvania railroads.

The new terminal, which includes in its yards 287 acres of land, ninety-four miles of track, twenty-two separate buildings and many other accessory facilities, is located in the Mill Creek Valley about three-fourths of a mile west of the old Central Union Station. Its approach from the east, or Freeman Avenue, is in the form of a beautiful boulevard extending through Lincoln Park.

As we approached the tremendous front arch which overshadows the main entrance, we were impressed with the building's stately exterior beauty. Flanking this entrance are two wings that cover vehicle entrances. From the tip of the north wing to that of the south the distance is 560 feet. This great width permits the greatest possible freedom of access to and from the station, the driveways entering at one end and leaving at the other with pedestrian entrances in the center. As it was night when we returned from downtown Cincinnati, the terminal presented a beautiful front with the aid of batteries of flood lights. I was particularly impressed with the multi-colored fountain in front of the main entrance. It appeared to me that the sprays of water contained the electric bulbs.

As we entered the station we came almost immediately into the central concourse. My first impressions were of distance, light and color. I looked up and there beheld one of the greatest mural decorations I had ever seen. These murals represent the growth of transportation and the city, and they occupy the walls of the dome on the north and south sides of the con-

course. The concourse is built in the shape of a semi-circle, 180 feet in diameter, with ticket offices, confection and news stands and other concessions lining the half circumference. Above the floor of the central concourse rises a great domed ceiling completing in the beauty of its conception the artistry of the interior.

Leaving the central concourse, we looked into the men's waiting room, the barber shop, and the bootblack stands. Near the men's waiting room is the entrance to the train concourse, which radiates from the axis of the central concourse and extends over the train platforms 20 feet below. The train concourse is 700 feet long and 80 feet wide and contains comfortable seats for seven hundred people. From the north side of the train concourse ramps lead passengers to departing trains, while on the south side arriving passengers enter the concourse by ramps from the platform below. On the walls at the far end of the concourse is a giant map of the United States and above it is a series of clocks, each representing one of the variations in time across the continent.

The Pear Tree Blooms In the Fall

By Jordan Wyatt

Spring has passed and summer, too.
  The pear tree has lost its beauty.
The fruits are gathered, all but a few;
  The tree has done its duty,
Standing there in the midst of the field
To fight the cold without a shield.

A scarecrow left in the field alone,
  The wild weeds 'round it sprawling,
Its robings swung by the winds that moan
  In tangled tatters falling—
A symbol of summer joy that's past
A target for the winter blast.

— *P. H. S.*

The wild wind changed its song to a croon.
  At last the pear tree heard it.
It sighed and said, "It seems so soon,"
  But the sun had stirred it.
Struggling, it threw aside its pall
And offered its bloom in the midst of fall.

———o———

The Speaking Idol

By Edward Mangum

THE trading post of Tahuma nestled in the heart of a dense jungle in the Congo. It consisted of a large bamboo structure, the trading post proper, two smaller buildings, the habitations of the four white men at the post, and several small huts, quarters of the native boys.

For a radius of sixty miles, Tahuma was surrounded by dense, all but impassible jungle. The white man's only means of access was the small stream that flowed by Tahuma.

The sole white inhabitants of Tahuma were four men: William Hudson, his son, Bill, and two traders, Roderick Biggs, and Walter Sims. Hudson had been sent there by the company which owned the post. He had taken his son with him. A few months later the two traders had come along and had remained there since that time.

Bill Hudson hadn't especially liked their appearance, but he thought perhaps he was all wrong about them. Still, somehow, they were objects of suspicion and were watched by Bill Hudson.

Hudson had at first been greatly disturbed by the habits of the natives, but he had grown accustomed to them. Epecially the tom-toms had annoyed him. All night long the native drums throbbed. On the nights of the new moon the drums reached their highest tempo. For miles around the natives trooped to the velt about six miles from Tahuma. From dusk to dawn on these nights, the tom-toms beat as the natives danced and howled.

Bill Hudson had often questioned the natives about the cere-

monies. They had told him that they went to carry their gifts of gold and ivory to the great Voo-doo idol at the eastern end of the plain. When he asked if he could go to see the ceremony, the natives told him that the priests would kill him, because no white man was allowed to witness the rites. One day Bill learned the most astounding fact concerning the ceremony. A native boy told him that the great idol spoke words of thanks to those who brought gifts to lay at its feet.

"Hokum," mused Bill, "just plain hokum." How could a wooden idol talk to the natives? It just wasn't natural. Bill Hudson determined to get to the bottom of this mystery. Wooden idols couldn't speak without something behind them.

First, he must witness one of these affairs and see for himself. But how? Finally he struck upon an idea.. After much persuasion, Hudson was able to get a native boy to hide him in a basket and to take him to the ceremony. About a hundred natives had gathered in the velt before the idol. Soon the natives began to march by and lay down their gifts. As each one laid down his gift the lips of the statue moved slightly, and a low, gutteral voice said, "Onka veina outavi yaktat," meaning, "The great god is pleased with your gifts."

As this sentence was repeated, Hudson, in his basket-hideout, heard a grating noise between the second and third words each time. The whole plan came to him as he sat cramped in the basket. Some white men were hiding in the statue on these occasions and were playing a phonograph record of the speech of the natives, and each morning after these ceremonies they were hiding the gold and ivory.

Who could it be? Immediately, Bill's two suspicious characters, Sims and Biggs, became the logical minds behind the plan. Hudson decided to watch their movements, especially on the nights of the new moon. Sure enough, on these nights Sims and Biggs left the post and did not show up again until the following afternoon.

Now that he had found the schemers, how was he going to stop these ceremonies? Every day during the following month he visited the idol and remained until evening. One evening he tied a rope around the neck of the statue and tied the end of it to the highest branch of a near-by tree.

The following night was the night for the natives' monthly gathering. About dusk, Bill hid himself in the tree to which the rope was tied. Here he waited until the natives arrived

with their gifts. When the ceremony was at its peak, Hudson gave the rope a tug with all his weight behind it. The idol tilted and then it fell over.

Immediately bedlam broke loose among the natives. They danced, yelled, sang and prayed. Finally one of priests ventured up to the idol. Presently he cried out to the rest and soon the natives pulled out of the statue the bodies of Sims and Biggs, who had been knocked unconscious by the fall. Soon a mashed phonograph was extracted.

After they had examined the idol, the natives one by one gathered up their gifts and departed.

"Well," said Bill Hudson, as he came down from his tree after the natives had gone, "that ends the mystery of the Speaking Idol."

What To Do About It?

By Horold Simmons

Scratch your head and help me think,
  Think real hard and long.
Work that head till the brains will clink;
  You just can't go wrong,
Come one, come all! let us resolve,
This great problem now to solve.

Girls have tried their best to do it;
  Boys do their darnedest too;
Grown folks still cannot see thru it.
  Please tell us what to do.
Come on now, don't let's delay;
Please get busy right today.

Maybe now you'd like to hear
  What this thing is about.
Righto now, we'll make it clear,
  Taking away all doubt.
What we want to find out soon
Is how to spend Sunday afternoon.

Trees

By Leonora Anderson

WHEN I awake early in the morning I go to my west window and raise the screen so that the fresh, sweet air can touch my face. While standing there a few moments looking out upon two lovely chinaberry trees, these words pass through my mind:

"A tree that looks at God all day
And lifts her leafy arms to pray."

The poet couldn't have had a more beautiful thought about trees than what he expresses in those lines. They make one think of humbleness and gentleness. I wonder how the world would look without trees? Indeed, it would look very ugly. But to do away with such ugliness, perhaps God would have thought of something else equally as lovely as trees to take their place.

Walking on one street and then on another one day, I found they were very different. One was peaceful and lovely; the other, plain and noisy. I knew at once the difference. Some thoughtful people, long ago, planted tiny seeds which they knew would gradually grow and change that noisy, drab street into a calm and lovely one. Need anything to be said about the other street? Just a lesson showing selfishness and unthoughtfulness.

When one is tired mentally, how restful it is to be among trees, to look upon their calm beauty! Indeed! How many lessons they can teach us humans! They bow and bend willingly at the will of the wind. It can tear them to pieces. Should not we willingly bow and serve God because of all He has done for us, and will not He destroy us if we don't?

I love the rustle and the blowing of the wind through the trees. If there is a wind blowing, I look forward to going to bed because I know that I shall go to sleep listening, perhaps unconsciously, to that noise. It's a lovely noise; a restful one. How thankful I am that some lover of beauty planted the seed that made the big oak tree by my two north windows!

I received a letter from a very dear friend who was vacationing one summer in Montreat, N. C. So often this line which she used in describing her room and its location comes to me: "There are two large trees just outside my window where the

. . . . . *Page forty-six*

birds sing." She was in a place surrounded by trees, mountains full of them.

It is a very lovely thought that birds pick trees for their home. I don't know of a more appropriate and pretty place than a tree for the home of such lovely little creatures. I wonder if God picked green to be the color for His trees because of the loveliness of having green for the background of brightly colored birds? One never tires of seeing so much green—trees of so many shades of green. Thinking about how long the green beauty of the trees has been enjoyed brings a note of sadness to one because he knows that soon there will be yellow and red and brown on them, and then the wind will blow the leaves to the ground where they will be raked and burned. But they have not taken all the beauty with them. A naked tree is lovely if one can see it. There is gracefulness in those empty limbs. Even if they are black, they are pretty, and at times they are perfectly white with leaves of ice.

As I stand by the window, I close my eyes so that I dimly see the silhouette of the trees against the sky. It makes a lovely picture. But after all is said and done, these words force themselves upon me:

"Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree."

Hidden Treasure

By Virginia Williamson

How many times I've seen her face—
I only thought it commonplace;
Those eyes of sympathetic grey
Staring dreamily far away.
Her nose and mouth had neither one
A trace of jollity or fun.

Every morning I passed her by,
Never stopped to wonder why
I ever noticed her at all,
So many like ones I recall;
I'd still be wondering yet awhile
If I had never seen her smile.

No artist great could ever render
The beauty of a smile so tender,
The loveliness of joy and pride
Sent from a sweet, pure heart inside;
Thus is treasure brought from earth
When the soul to a smile gives birth.

— *P. H. S.*

The Editor's Study

Good Manners

THE very root of good breeding is consideration for others, yet so often we find those who would be horrified and very indignant to be thought ill-bred behaving in the most inconsiderate way.

Why will young ladies and gentlemen of high school age and intelligence behave as they do—with manners, as Shakespeare says, "fit for the mountains, and barb'rous caves, where manners ne'er were taught"?

The behavior in assembly is particularly embarrassing, not only to those pupils who realize that it is a time for order, but also to the faculty and principal, and above all to those on the program. Their appearance seems to be a signal for a sort of general whispering, subdued, but quite audible and very disrespectful.

When speakers, musicians and others are asked to have a part on a program, they automatically become guests of the school and as such should be shown every courtesy.

We realize that many students are not interested in the majority of the Tuesday morning assemblies, but there are some who are, and these should have some consideration.

Study hall is an excellent place in which to show one's consideration for his fellows. There are some students who take this period, meant for study, as a time for recreation and noise making. For the few who wish to spend their study periods in this way, there are many others who really count on that period in which to do some real work, either studying the day's lessons, or to ease up the work for the next day. These students cannot concentrate and do the desired amount of studying when there is so much unnecessary disturbance. Such commotion shows a decided lack of consideration for the teacher keeping the study hall.

At Cameron Field, not only high school students are out to see the football games, but outsiders who are loyal supporters of high school and who should be shown every courtesy by high

school students. Instead, they are pelted by bits of chalk, thrown by high school boys. Although this is done by just a few boys, and only in the spirit of fun, the whole school gets credit for the misbehavior which, begun in a sporting manner, becomes very annoying when continued for a long time.

It has been said that good breeding is a religion done in terms of everyday life.

We realize that thoughtlessness is largely responsible for the seeming lack of good manners in our student body, and these conditions need not be. Let's mend our ways and think. "How sweet and gracious is that fine sense which men call courtesy."

M.A.B.

A Suggestion

ON THE days of the football games usually there are quite a few visitors coming from other schools to see the games. Of course, the visiting teams need support as much as our own, and visitors are always welcome. Yet much confusion frequently results from such a procedure. Thoughtless acts such as noise and other petty annoyances disturb teachers and pupils alike.

We do not intend to bring such accusations against supporters of the visiting team and to excuse the student body of Petersburg High School. No doubt the some conditions exist when the games are played elsewhere. Students from our school probably create similar disturbances with just as little thought.

It is possible for the student bodies themselves to remedy the situation if they so desire. In the first place, to reach the site of the game on time does not necessitate a whole day's absence from school. By leaving two or three hours before closing, everyone could arrive in plenty of time. Then, in case there is extra time before the game, it might be spent somewhere else besides in the school building.

An even more definite step than the one mentioned above might be taken by all of the high schools which enter into athletics. If they would make an agreement that on days of the games no visiting students should be allowed to enter the buildings, there would be no question as to what should be done about the matter. By the introduction of such a plan, embarrassment for both the school and its guests would be avoided.

F.E.E.

— *P. H. S.*

School Curricula

ARE THE curricula as offered by the public school system at the present time adequate ones with which to prepare a student to take his place in the world?

For the past two years our school boards and trustees have been much concerned with the economic situation, and as a result of this concern, have taken drastic steps not only by cutting the salaries of the instructors of the fundamental subjects, but have taken out of the curricula those subjects which give students an opportunity to express their aesthetic emotions, as well as prepare them for domestic duties and vocational activities.

Is it more economical to count the saving in dollars and cents, or to allow the development and satisfaction derived from these so-called frill subjects to be dormant?

The average modern home is so filled with activities of various natures that parents are either negligent about teaching the domestic achievements, or due to an over-crowded program, are denied the privilege of teaching these things in the home. Since the average home cannot meet the requirements in this situation, the responsibility automatically falls to the public school system.

In order that the present generation shall progress rather than retrograde, experiences must be broadened and environment made more cultural. Much is being said and written today in regard to the moral standards of the young people being lowered. We know that education, art, good music, and satisfying activities constitute one channel through which these conditions, if they exist, may be rectified.

The majority of the pictures on the screen are not conducive to the formation of high ideals. However, many times high school students have acquired the habit of attending the theatre every time the feature is changed. If our public school curricula were broad enough to include definite instruction in music, art, manual arts, and sports, including tennis, swimming, football, baseball, and hockey, the mind of the student body would have an opportunity to develop on a higher plane.

No doubt the state figures that a saving of a few thousands of dollars now is the solution to the problem of running the public school system, but we hesitate to try to measure the effect of this saving on the citizen of tomorrow. Perhaps the cost to

the state may be even greater within the next few years.
M.G.W.

Music and Drawing Departments

WITH THE reduction of the school expenditure this year it has been necessary, in addition to cuts in the teachers' salaries, to do away with two valuable departments in high school; namely, the music and the drawing departments. However, there is some solace in the fact that other schools in the country have had to face more serious problems than those of this city, but we feel that it is a deplorable situation when education is in such a lamentable condition.

These aforesaid departments are characterized by some educators as "frills of education," but it appears to us that these so-called "frills" which are devoted to the betterment of a pupil's mind and the improvement of a student gifted with some talent have an equal right in the curricula of this school as other subjects.

For many years the music division of high school had been carrying on its work splendidly, developing the pupils in the use of their instruments and forming an orchestra for the entertainment of the school. This instruction, which had been of no cost to the students, has ceased, actually stopping the musical education of those pupils recently come to high school before they had had the opportunity to progress. Someone may venture the suggestion to let those pupils who really desire to further their knowledge in music receive private instruction. How many of them, we ask, can afford this individual tuition?

Let us also regard the drawing department which has likewise been removed from the high school. Many, perhaps, will not deem this study necessary, but we feel that with its abolishment much talent is going to waste and is being neglected, and that an embryo artist wishing to take up this subject as a vocation in later life has no means with which to improve his talent or to find out if it is advisable for him to enter into this profession.

We sincerely entertain the hope that in the very near future these two essential departments of the school will be restored and education will not be forced to take a back seat. J.H.H.

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